

THE CANADIAN COLONISTS
WELCOME,

To His Royal Highness,

THE PRINCE OF WALES:

OR

NEW SONGS TO OLD TUNES,

WITH

THIRTY-ONE ACROSTICS,

COMPRISING THE NAMES OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND ALL HER ROYAL FAMILY,

&c., &c.

BY ROBERT HUNT, SCOTT, C. E.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY JOHN G. BELL, 15 AVENUE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

(1871)



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1860.

In presenting to the Public the following pages, hastily composed and selected from my manuscript writings, for the present occasion, I do not flatter myself that my Songs will find their way into the concert halls of the votaries of fashion; or, if ever published, that my numerous attempts at poetical composition will be honored with a place in the libraries of the learned, but from their diversity, originality, and truly British Canadian character, I feel assured they will be appreciated by a large and important portion of my compatriots. My Tales around the Stove, my Valentines and Acrostics, will be read with pleasure by the laboring, farming, and operative classes amongst whom I rank.

NEW SONGS TO OLD TUNES,

WITH

THIRTY-ONE ACROSTICS.

WELCOME PRINCE OF WALES.

Air :—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Come all Canadians, come
Welcome our Sovereign's son—
Old England's heir.

He's come at our request !

He's now our royal guest !

Now let each loyal breast

Welcome him here.

Come all you brave and free,
Men of this Colony,

Welcome our Prince.

Tell him we love our Queen.

If her foes nurture spleen,

And dare let it be seen,

Them we'll convince.

That our seamen guard the strand,

Our riflemen on the land,

Will guard her throne.

If foes should cross the wave,

Thinking us to enslave,

We'll send them to their grave,

Or find our own.

Welcome great Prince of Wales ;

If foes England assail,

Send for us here.

Quick at our Queen's command,

We'll start for old England,

And for her crown we'll stand,

Strangers to fear.

Great God of all power and might—
 Ever when Britain's fight,
 Let it be seen.

That ours is a righteous cause,
 For thine and our country's laws,
 And grant victory and applause,
 To our good Queen.

—o—

THE CANADIAN COLONISTS.

Air :—"RULE BRITANNIA."

Though nations of this earth,
 By tyrants are oppressed,
 You'll all agree my friends with me,
 In Canada we're blessed.
 We make our laws, and any clause
 That's wrong, can be redressed.

CHORUS.—Let's prize our freedom,
 Support our Queen and Crown;
 And should tyrants rule, ne'er be their tool,
 But vote to pull them down.
 Here free discussion we can use—

We've an unfettered press;
 Each one his neighbor may amuse,
 And all his thoughts express.
 No *gendarmes* haunt men that's free,
 No tyrants them oppress.

CHORUS.—Let's prize our freedom,
 Support our Queen throughout,
 And when knaves get into parliament,
 We'll vote to put them out.

We've liberty of conscience here,
 For Gentile and for Jew;
 All men are free whoe'er they be,
 No odds—if just and true.
 No slavery—we ever see,
 No bondsmen meet our view.

CHORUS.—Let's prize our freedom, &c.

THE IRISH SETTLER'S ADDRESS TO HIS EMIGRANT COUNTRYMEN.

Air:—"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

You sons of old Ireland, I pray give attention,
Unto a few hints that I make bold to mention;
Give over all quarrels, and strife and contention,
Which at home caused you trouble and harm.
Now you're come to a land where a strong skilful hand,
And industry, all comforts of life may command;
Then listen I pray, and I'll tell you the way—
And believe me, I well understand what I say—
You may each get an excellent farm.

Here the orange and green quite united are seen,
And are strangers to hatred, and variance, and spleen;
On my farm I'd shew every one what I mean,
My luxuriant green clover and corn.
The wretch in this country who utters a word
Of feuds, which at home only nourished discord;
(In Ireland, 'twas madness—and here 'tis absurd,
Won't you look to the main thing, and heed not his word,)
He deserves but your hatred and scorn.

Don't stay in the towns, but proceed to the wood—
In our cities your children learn naught that is good;
In the country, your youngest may earn his food,
And his daddy assist on the farm.
Then start for the bush, and cut down the big trees,
Plant potatoes, sow grain, let in sunshine and breeze;
Work hard a few seasons, and then if you please,
When you've cattle and grain, you may live at your ease.
And you'll always be cosy and warm.

THE MONTREAL VOLUNTEERS

Air :—"THE BRITISH GRENADIERS."

A Volunteer's a glorious name!
 It is my heart's delight,
 For brave men ever fight for fame,
 Or for their country's right;
 Ermatinger, Dyde, and Lovelace,
 And many a man we know
 In Montreal, at honor's call,
 To the cannon's mouth would go.

The little land from whence we spring,
 Long, long, has ruled the wave,—
 Shall we, her giant offspring,
 In valor prove less brave.
 Oh! no, my boys, we without noise,
 Or serfdom, or enthal,
 Would the world surprise, should war arise,
 We're the lads of Montreal.

Though this fine young country we possess,
 Can not afford us pay,
 No mercenary motives
 From drill can make us stay.
 We learn to fight, to guard her right,
 Whenever she may call;
 That the world may know no foreign foe,
 Shall conquer Montreal.

—o—

THE VOLUNTEERS OF CANADA.

Air :—"THE SOLDIER'S JOY."

Our troops had scarce returned from war,
 Where, with the French, they beat the Czar,
 When we beheld to our surprise,
 Rebellion in the East arise.

And oh ! it grieves me sore to tell,
 How our few heroes fought and fell ;
 And the cruelty, insult, shame, and fear,
 Their wives and children had to bear.

Our veterans at our Queen's behest,
 Are gone to conquer in the East ;
 And nations round begin to jar,
 They think us unprepared for war.

But our free-born sons who till the land,
 Will for their Queen and country stand ;
 They 'll sing " Britannia Rule the Waves,"
 For Britains never shall be slaves.

And we, though young and scarcely fit
 To stand alone, will not idly sit ;
 At our Queen's command we'll quickly come,
 To support her dignity and crown.

For oh ! we love our country yet,
 The land in which we first drew breath ;
 Our gracious Queen and liberal laws,
 And would die or conquer in their cause.

When drums shall beat and trumpets call
 The Volunteers of Montreal ;
 And when the bugle's notes shall swell,
 To call the rifles of Sorel.

To the trysting place we'll all repair,
 In our steamboats gay, or railroad car,—
 With hearts resolved to bravely stand,
 For our royal Queen and native land.

Oh ! then Toronto's loyal sons,
 With their small arms and field guns,
 Will come with such a thrilling cheer,
 That will appal our foes to hear.

Glengarry's bonnets will be there—
 The pibroch makes our foes despair ;
 The meed of praise will ne'er refuse,
 To the brave McNab and Highland trews.

For our foes know well when e'er they hear,
 The slogans notes strike on their ear,
 That they shall have hard fighting soon,
 If they stand their ground 'till the Scots come on.

And the English lion stout and bold,
 Will like a bull-dog keep his hold ;
 And to Pat a charge is glorious fun—
 He'd rush on ten just as soon as one.

Though Dons and Austrians should unite,
 And French and Yankees should us slight,
 We'll hold our own as in days of yore,
 When the world menaced us before.

Now let all who love our country dear,
 And who don't despise a Volunteer,
 Unite with me in three hearty cheers,
 For our Queen and Canadian Vo'lunteers.

—o—

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

(Written on the occasion of a collection being made for the Patriotic Fund.)

Air :—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

Though the cold north-easter fiercely blows,
 And winter's drawing near us,
 We disregard the drifting snows,
 Because we've much to cheer us :
 We have a peaceful fireside,
 Kind friend or loved relation,
 And if we manage all things right,
 Small cause for much vexation.

And while our pleasures we pursue,
 As christmas is approaching,
 Let's think upon our tars so true
 Upon the stormy ocean.
 Our soldiers on a foreign shore,
 In midst of wars alarms,
 Far from the loved ones they adore—
 From wives and sweethearts arms.

And if we now could take a glance
 At many a mourner's dwelling,
 In England, Ireland, Scotiand, France,
 And mark the grief that's swelling
 The bosoms of bereaved wives,
 Their orphans sad condition.
 Their loved ones having lost their lives
 While curbing proud ambition.

Or now before Sebastopol,
 And working in the trenches,
 Exposed to grape, and shot, and shell,
 Chill winds and rain that drenches;
 Nor certain what may have befell
 The dearest ties that bind him,—
 His bosom oft with sighs does swell
 For some he left behind him.

And as he plies his toilsome task,
 The balls around him flying,
 He sees young Sandy, Bill and Jack,
 Lie wounded near and dying.
 He hears poor Pat's last breath exclaim,
 Tom, write and tell my Mary,
 I died while blessing her dear name,
 For oh! I love her dearly.

I mind how blythe I went to church,
 To wed my youthful Mary,
 But now I leave her in the lurch,
 The wife I love so dearly.
 Poor girl, she'll ne'er again go home,
 She'll range the world rather,
 Than meet her kindreds scornful frown,—
 I stole her from her father.



SEBASTOPOL.

(On collection being made for Patriotic Fund.)

Air:—"THE MINSTREL BOY."

Our countrymen "to the war are gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find them;"
 If the Czar's best troops were their foes alone,
 I'd say, my friend's don't mind them.
 For they've valiant hearts and they've courage true.
 And they prize our nation's glory,
 And Sebastopol they will soon subdue,
 And their names shall live in story.

The English, firm as a rock,
 Will repel the tyrants power,—
 And the Scots their post have ne'er forsook,
 Though shot around them shower.
 And when the foe their sabres draw,
 Or pour their deadliest fire,
 Let the Irish charge with a wild hurra!
 And they'll make the foe retire.

But sickness lays our heroes low,
 And leaves their wives to mourn;
 And their graves are made in Russian snow,
 From whence they'll ne'er return.
 Then let us hand and heart unite
 Their grief and pain to soften,
 And every one bestow his mite
 On the widow and the orphan.

THE IRISH GIRLS.

(To Miss C——y, with a Valentine.)

Air:—"THE LAND OF THE SHILLALAH FOR ME."

Some folks may accuse me of folly,
 And others pronounce it unfit,
 To write about love to Miss C——y,
 To shew off my talent and wit;
 But I promised the charming young creature—
 Altho' she can never be mine—
 A letter should certainly reach her,
 Containing a nice Valentine.

Miss C——y's as sweet as May roses,
 She's gentle and soft as the dove;
 And the clown is an ass who supposes,
 That I could refuse her my love.
 For bards love the beauties of nature,
 As seen in earth, ocean and skies,—
 And in maids, when love beams in each feature,
 And conquest flash forth from their eyes.

Although my pretensions be folly,
 You see I'm an Irishman born,
 And cannot help loving Miss C——y,
 Tho' sure to be treated with scorn.
 I've wandered all over creation,
 Three parts of this world did see,
 But of maids who grace all other nations,
 The fair Irish girls for me.

—O—

SEQUEL TO BOB MURPHY'S COURTSHIP.

Extract from manuscript volumes of "Tales around the Stove."
 Sequel to Bob Murphy's courtship with Demitrula Orasaffi,
 the Grecian maid.)

With tapering masts and yards so trim,
 Like some gigantic living thing,
 You see the "Russel" eighty-four,
 Waits to convey us from your shore;

And we for full four months and more,
Shall hear the winds and waters roar,
And buffet with the boisterous sea,
That bears me far from love and thee.

The maid dejected, mute, dismayed,
Had listened, and at length she said,

And must we part? and must you go,
To endless wastes of ice and snow?

Where for six months in every year,
No trace of verdure does appear,
To glad the heart and cheer the eye,—
Alas! 'twere better far to die!!

Such is our lot, we now must sever,
Adieu, sweet girl, farewell for ever.

—o—

THE LOVER'S PARTING SONG.

Say, when at eve in myrtle bowers,
You breathe the perfume of orange flowers;
And tune your gay guitar,
When memory speaks of him who roves,
In distant lands, and how he loves
To hear your songs of war.

Will not your thoughts and wishes flee,
Far, far beyond yon shining sea,
To cheer my icy home;
For dearest, I shall think of thee,
While thought shall last, or memory,
Wherever I may roam.

Alas, that cruel fate should sever
Two hearts thus fondly linked together;
Your father's stubborn pride,
My wayward fate—I cannot stay—
My country's call brooks no delay,
Farewell, my more than bride.

Think you, alas ! I'll e'er forget,
 The youth who at my feet did sit,
 And heard my gay guitar :
 Who did my vocal powers praise,
 Oft as my feeble voice did raise,
 My country's songs of war.

You know full well you've won my heart.
 Oh ! cruel fate, we now must part.
 My father wont relent :
 When Demitrua pines and dies,
 And 'neath the turf her body lies,
 Too late he will repent.

Farewell, may heaven be your guard.
 Promotion, honor, your reward,
 And happiness your lot ;
 Wherever stationed you may be,
 My heart's best love will rest with thee.
 You'll never be forgot.

'Twas thus we said our last farewell,
 Our grief no human tongue can tell,
 We were so broken-hearted ;
 Ours was indeed a piteous case,
 We took one long and last embrace,
 And then for ever parted !

Heart-sickening words, farewell ! adieu !
 We soldiers well their import knew,
 When e'er our countries call ;
 Friends, parents, wives, we leave to mourn,
 In sorrow for the absent one,
 Lest he in battle fall.

And such has ever been my lot,
 Since I have left my father's cot,
 By fate destined to roam ;
 By former friends despised, forgot,
 I light upon some beauteous spot,
 Far from my native home.

And should kind heaven, in mercy send,
 Some dear and sympathizing friend;
 To cheer my stricken heart;
 How joyously the days pass on,
 We scarce can count them e'er they're gone,
 How painful then to part.

Alas! and has it come to this,
 And must my sweetest cup of bliss,
 Be ever drugged with gall;
 Farewell to the Ionian Isles,
 And to my Demitrula's smiles,
 To happiness and all!

— 0 —
 YOU'RE A DEAR WIFE TO ME.

Air:—"SHE'S A DEAR MAID TO ME."

Dear Lydia, I adore you,
 Tho' with twenty maids before you
 I have courted, as I told you
 Love—and some were kind to me:
 But above all women born,
 I idolise your charms,
 I'll fold you in my arms,
 You're a dear wife to me.

Tho' Mary, Jane and Kate,
 I can't bring myself to hate,
 For at early morn and late
 At night, those maids I went to see:
 But since I saw my darling,
 I despise all others charms—
 Come to my loving arms,
 You're a dear wife to me.

I have placed my love on you,
 And for ever I'll prove true,—
 No other maid can woo
 Me—or win my love from thee;

For your charms are so rare,
 You're so lovely, kind and fair,
 I rejoice that mine you are,
 You're a dear wife to me.

Since you became my wife,
 I've been free from care and strife;
 The remainder of my life,
 My love, we'll live in harmony;
 If sorrow should assail us,
 Or pain, or sickness ail us,
 Fond affection will sustain us,
 You're a dear wife to me.

—o—

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

Air:—"DOWN, DERRY DOWN."

Dearest Lydia, you write such a beautiful hand,
 I must coax you to copy the verses I write;
 For the plough, spade and shovel, by day cramp my hand,
 And writing by candlelight's bad for my sight.
 Derry Down, Down, Derry Down.

When I write about Lucy, and Mary, and Sue,
 And all the dear girls whose charms give delight,
 You must not be jealous, dear Lydia, not you,
 For I'm thinking of you all the time while I write.
 Derry Down, &c.

It is your lovely image inspires my muse,
 Your matchless perfections are stamped on my heart;
 When I write to the females, no odds whom I chose,
 I fly to that store-house some aid to extract.
 Derry Down, &c.

Thus I draw my supplies from unquenchable fire,
 For I borrow perfections and graces of thine;
 And write the nice verses the maids so admire,
 And make each dear creature a fit valentine.
 Derry Down, &c.

SONGS AT OUR CLUB ROOM.—ZOE.

Dick Ford has sung of young Marie.

Of Lucy's charms, John Stewart has sung ;
But Zoë, dear, I'll sing of thee,
So fair, so beautiful and young.

Her radiant smile, seraphic face,
Her golden hair, and sylph-like form.
Surpassing beauty, matchless grace.
Combine her person to adorn.

In guileless innocence and youth,
Unconscious of resistless charms,—
In trusting confidence and truth,
She pressed me in her snowy arms.

Affection, friendship, gratitude
And love, which is a stronger name,
(For trifling acts,) on me bestowed,
Some prude may censure, chide and blame.

Thou dearest child that nature made,
Your actions guileless, undisguised,
And innocent, I'm much afraid,
Would be deemed boldness, and not prized.

Zoë, most charming, artless maid,
Prudence insists, I say farewell ;
Hereafter, dear, I do persuade
Myself, you'll say I've acted well.

—o—

TO MISS ELLEN——.

Air :—"SHELLS OF THE OCEAN."

Of all the fair ones in Sorel,
I chose young Ellen for my belle ;
Tho' hosts their be, both young and fair.
And beautiful, yet I declare,
That on acquaintance if I find,

Her wax-like form enshrouds a mind
As pure and spotless as its case,
On her my fondest hopes I'll place

No maid more fair, and fresh, and young,
Has e'er inspired a poet's song,—
No maid more modest, mild and sweet.
E'er charmed a lover to her feet;
Could I but gain her gentle heart,
Through life, and 'till us death shall part.
Could I but win young Ellen's love,
Constant and faithful I would prove.

—o—

ROSALIE.

Air :—"YE BANKS AND BRAES."

Ye zephyrs soft that fan the grove,
And kiss each flower and verdant tree,—
Bear my warm sighs unto my love,
You know the beauteous Rosalie.

The dark-haired maid with sparkling eye,
It was her eyes that wounded me;
If she rejects my suit, I'll die
For that sweet creature Rosalie.

Oh! tell her all my hopes and fear.
Ask if she ever thinks on me,—
And some kind message bring to cheer
Me—from the charming Rosalie.

Beloved if you knew the pain,
And ardent love I bear for thee.
How much I'd give, a smile to gain,
From you most beauteous Rosalie.

Dear Rosalie, your tender heart
Would surely melt, and pity take,
On me, whose constant loving heart,
Endures such suffering for your sake.

Ah ! dearest, trifle not with me,
 Who love you dearer than my life,—
 But give consent sweet Rosalie.
 To be my gentle, charming wife.

—o—

IMPROMPTU LINES ON SCOTTISH HEATHER.

(I received a bunch of Scottish Heather by stage, 10th March last,
 from a Sea Captain, and sent this to Wm. Lunan, Esq., Sorel,
 with a sprig of the Heather.)

Dear friend, in foreign clime and frosty weather,
 Accept from me this sprig of Scottish heather ;
 It came from Glasgow, and was sent to me,
 By a Scotch friend who navigates the sea,—
 A classic emblem of his native shore,
 He said, to draw forth my poetic lore.

Alas ! why send it to an Irishman,
 Not of his country, kindred, creed or clan,
 No covenanter I—I rather fear,
 Folks would incline to dub me, cavalier.

Yet hosts of retrospections crowd on me,
 When I this withered sprig of heather see,—
 On bleak Ben Lomond, or on Ben Venue,
 It grew and flourished where the mure cock crew ;
 Or may be at Lough Katterine formed the lair,
 Of bounding roebuck, or the timid hare.

It calls to mind the Highlander of yore,
 Wrapped in his plaid, with target and claymore ;
 Who, when exhausted, sought no softer bed,
 No smoother pillow cheered his weary head.
 He on his misty heath-clad mountain lay,
 Sometimes all night, sometimes throughout the day,
 Until the pibroch summoned him away
 Quick to the fight, the forray, or the fray.
 It calls to mind the forays on the border,
 I shall not write in chronologic order ;
 Because you know, my friend, I have not time,
 To write to you a systematic rhyme.

It calls to mind, the Douglas and the Greame,
Black Agnes too, that most courageous dame.

Macdonald's Flora, also Jeanie Deans,
Murray, Glengarry's clan, and Charles James.
The French taught, beautiful, but frail Queen
Mary, you know's the sovereign I mean :

My indignation I cannot express,
At all she suffered from her cousin Bess.

It calls to mind the Bruce and Wallace wight,
That gallant brave and much lamented knight ;
Argyle, Lochiel, and many hundreds more,
Whose fame does honor to their native shore,—
Macdonalds of the Isles, and Armstrong,
To name the clans, would take me much too long :
Down from Caen Moor unto Culloden field,
Where Charlie Stewart's troops were forced to yield.
The history of one of those brave men,
Demand the powers of a more gifted pen :
'Twould take a Burns, or a Walter Scott,
Or folk with more brains and time than I have got ;
No marvel then—Scotch heroes crowd so fast
On memory, that the theme I quit at last.

Auld Scotia, though I never saw your shore.
Your patriotic warriors I adore.
Beaten—but unsubdued—in freedom's right,
Next day they quickly mustered for the fight.

Those times are passed. Perhaps you'll think me silly
For sending you this sprig of heather, Willie,
To deck your bonnet on Saint Andrew's day,
When with your countrymen you're blythe and gay :
Tell them that many a valued friend I know.
To Scotland, birth and education owe.
Old times are passed. Thank heaven that peace and order
Are now established on the Scottish border.
The Highland dames, for lack of meat or fish,
No more serve spurs up in a covered dish.
The pibroch plays no more at chieftain's order,
To martial clans—blue bonnets o'er the border :
No cow-catchers in Scotland now appear.

Save on the railroad cars that travel there.
 The thieves of Liddesdale are dead and gone.
 The border Armstrongs are honest grown.
 The beasts in Durham and Northumberland.
 Safely lie down, or in their pastures stand.
 Dumfries, Carlisle, and Jedburg fear no harm.
 No nightly fray or forray them alarm.
 The folks of Paisley, Berwick, Clyde and Tweed.
 Glasgow and Aberdeen are all agreed,
 That trade, industry, commerce, peace and order,
 Are better far than feuds upon the border.
 Tho' thirty summers passed since I left home.
 To wander through a friendless world alone.
 And thirty dreary winters altogether,
 I sympathize with those who love the heather
 In history, or tradition, I'll not say,
 Which, when Scotch settlers first came here to stay,
 They heather plants, or seeds, brought here to sow,
 And wept when they found out it would not grow.

—o—

TO KATE.

Dear maiden keep the heart I tender.
 A heart sweet Kate, that's all your own.
 Other maids may seek to bend you.
 Each may claim it as her own.

Yes, dear Kate, I own I've wandered.
 To each sweet flower like the bee;
 My former time has all been squandered
 None could fix my love but thee.

Nay, dear Kate, you won't refuse me
 Had I seen your face before,
 All the maids who now abuse me,
 Ne'er could lure me from your bower

Accept, dear Kate, the vows I make you
 Ever to be fond and true;
 Dearest, I will ne'er forsake you
 All my love is fixed on you.

ZOE TAKEN TO HEAVEN.

Air:—"NELLY GRAY."

There's a small green mound in the Cemetery here,
 The west end of it is marked with a white cross,
 And beneath its verdant bosom they have placed my Zoë dear
 And alas! I now mourn for her loss,—
 Oh! my own Zoë dear,
 Your sweet voice no more I'll hear,
 And I'll never see your angel face again,
 Nor receive the loving welcome,
 That so often me did cheer,
 With your friends I now weep for you in vain!—

My Zoë was as radiant as an angel, and as fair,
 She was artless and innocent and young; [hair.
 When my heart portrays her form and her glossy golden
 Oh! I sigh for they placed her in the tomb.
 Oh! my own Zoë dear,
 How I mourn for you here,
 When I think upon your fond and gentle heart.
 And the loving cordial greeting,
 That so often did me cheer,
 Alas how I grieve that we should part.

My Zoë, in that summer when death's angel hovered here,
 And directions to take loved ones home were given,
 As she was too pure and beautiful for this one lower sphere.
 They have taken my Zoë dear to Heaven.
 Oh! my own Zoë dear,
 I shall never see you here,
 I shall never more be solaced with your love.
 But with bright and happy spirits,
 In a bright and happy sphere,
 I shall hope to join my Zoë dear above.

Dearest Zoë, in those mansions in the pure and azure sky.
 Where the bright and happy angels dwell in bliss,
 On this our earthly planet do you ever cast an eye.
 Or hear the ardent wishes we express.

Oh ! my own Zoe dear—do you pity my despair,
 Or the grief that rends my fond and loving breast,
 Or count the scalding tear drops that I shed for you my dear,
 Or the sighs that nightly break my troubled rest.

—o—

TO ANNA.

Air :—"GENTLE ANNIE."

My heart has been wounded so often,
 'Tis shattered and torn I feel ;
 But you, dearest Anna, can soften
 My grief and its maladies heal.
 Your sweet sunny smile of affection,
 Would turn all my pain into bliss ;
 My sadness, my grief and dejection,
 Would fly if you'd grant me a kiss.

Then, Anna, my darling, don't smother
 The love of your cwn Irish boy,
 By granting those smiles to another,
 Which always afford me such joy.
 You are conscious dear maid of the power,
 That o'er my fond heart you possess ;
 Then consent sweet wild wilderness flower,
 The hopes of your true love to bless.

—o—

TO JANE.

(A young lady in Quebec sent to request a few lines to put in her Scrap Book.)

I am told you've a Scrap Book, dear Jane,
 In which your admirers may write :
 When Jennie and love are the theme,
 With rapture my thoughts I indite.

Dearest Jennie my joy and delight,
 It puts my heart all in a flutter,
 To think in your Scrap Book I'll write,
 The language my tongue dares not utter

But the love that consumes my fond heart,
 My unpractised pen cannot tell,
 Oh! why were we destined to part?
 Ah why did you go from Sorel?

I cease dearest Jane, for your Book
 Of Scraps must be full before this;
 For each beau on whom you deign to look,
 A slice from his bosom will miss.

As for my heart, you've stolen it all!
 With grief the sad story I tell!
 Say, won't you come back in the Fall,
 And reward your sweetheart in Sorel?

—o—

THE PIC-NIC; OR, THE SEAT OF WAR.

1859.

As lovely Lucy, scarce sixteen,
 And Tom and Mary, Sue and Dick,
 Did wander forth across the green,
 One summer's day to a Pic-nic;
 Accompanied by many more
 Not less I'm certain than a score.

Of lads and lasses blythe and gay,
 Papa's and mamma's all intent
 To make a festive holiday;
 Among the woods away they went
 Their servants followed in the rear
 With baskets of delicious fare.

And as in troops to gain some view
 They went, the witty drew forth cheers,
 While others wandered two and two,
 Lads whispered love to willing ears;
 And others talked of news from far
 Just reached us from the Seat of War.

Matrons looked grave, and shuddered, sighed,
 As at a retrospective scan,
 They saw the multitudes who died
 At Balaklava, Inkerman;
 And later as the papers tell you,
 At Solfarino, Montabello.

Where the great Emperor of France
 With many thousand valiant men,
 Boasting that liberty he'd advance,
 Marched there—and then marched back again;
 And left Italia's sons hearts sore,
 Their chain much tighter than before.

'Tis strange said one through Europe wide,
 So many men should go to war,
 To gratify the lust and pride
 Of Emperors and a despot Czar;
 And like wild beasts each other tear
 In an unchristian fiendish war!

The multitude must all be fools
 To stay in bondage to one man,
 The blindfold, willing, wicked tools
 His pride and avarice to sustain;
 "We wouldn't stand it, Bill," said Dick,
 "We'd show the Czar a Yankee trick."

Shameful that that small but fine country,

And beautiful as God has given

To favored man should not be free,

But Priest, Despot and Pope, governed, ridden,
Tramped on—hedged round with tyrants steel,
What must her few brave Patriots feel?

But now the merry village bells,

Proclaimed the hour of prime,

The party, so the Poet tells,

Sought a fit place to dine;

For some felt weary, some were hot,

And each an appetite had got.

Beneath an aged and knotted pine,

On the steep bank of the Richelieu,

The company sat down to dine

Where they enjoyed the shade and view.

Of corn fields, cottages and woods,

And meadows and expanding floods.

The waters of the deep Richelieu,

Like a huge serpent lay beneath,

Curved through the valley clear and blue

Reflecting houses, clouds and shade;

While various craft plied thro' and fro,

From steamboats to a oark canoe.

As lovely Lucy came to dine

Upon a shaded mossy bank,

She did adjust her crinoline

As indolently down she sank,

And pushing back her raven hair,

Said, "Tom, what means the Seat of War?"

I thought that when the soldier fight,
 They stand with sword, bayonet and gun,
 And shout in case their foes take flight,
 And after them quite briskly run,
 With trumpets sounding, colours flying,
 Over heaps of warriors dying.

Poor luckless Lucy scarce expressed
 The above tirade, when she sat down
 Upon a vicious hornet's nest ;
 The angry insects furious grown
 Explained to her more clearly far
 Than Tom could do, " The Seat of War."

To state the confusion and the route
 That followed now defies my pen,
 The screams, the laughter, cries and shouts,
 And jestures of the flying train,
 Or misery of the helpless groups
 Of girls with wasps beneath their hoops.



TO THE SWEET POETESS OF SOREL.

The Sweet Poetess of Sorel, my respected friend having gathered some everlasting flowers in the woods on her return from an excursion, twined them around my hat, saying that she crowned me, Poet Laureat ; the following lines should more properly appear among my Hymns and Sunday reading, but as these may never be published, I copy them here as a token of my profound respect for the talented and worthy Lady.

Dear Madam these Everlasting Flowers,
 Which your fair hands twined round my brow.
 More justly should adorn yours,
 A better sweeter minstrel thou.

Your every stanza beaming bright,
 With brilliant everflashing wit,
 All your unwearied friends delight,
 Who favoured are with you to sit.

On ever flowing sympathies
 That fill your gentle loving breast,
 The mourner and the poor rely,
 You cheer and comfort the distressed.

The never ceasing fond concern,
 With which your children you attend,
 Supply their wants and see them learn,
 Unrivalled mother, wife, and friend.

The endless excellence and grace,
 That gild your actions every day,
 No trace of gloom does e'er efface,
 But smiles like sunbeams mark your way,

Say then should not this wreath of flowers,
 In right and truth be worn by thee,
 It ill becomes th' unlettered brows,
 Of a poor Rhyming Bard like me.

Yours be a bright and beauteous wreath,
 Of flowers whose foliage and perfume,
 Shall bloom through life—and after death,
 Eternally beyond the tomb.

May everlasting happiness,
 And peace and plenty strew your road,
 Through life—and joy and pardoning grace,
 Await you at the throne of God.

And may sweet flowers of Paradise,
 Be strewn by angels o'er your tomb,
 And heavenly minstrels, all rejoice,
 "Welcome sweet sister—Welcome home"!

Oh! come and see the Prince of peace!
 The sinners friend—the bleeding lamb!
 Jesus who died to purchase grace,
 And pardon from the Great I Am.

Oh, come and worship at his feet,
 No more in cold and formal prayers,
 But cheerful now your Saviour greet,
 With everlasting songs of praise.

"Glory to God enthroned above,
 Salvation to the Lamb be given,"
 May angels thus with songs of love,
 Welcome you home from earth to heaven,—



EXTRACT FROM TALES AROUND THE STOVE.

JACK PIMLOT'S ESSAY ON PAPER PENS & INK.

One evening as I sat alone with my dear,
 I crumpled her sewing, her needle was lost!
 This angered the fair one who said I can't bear,
 Such rudeness I'll call for my sister—I must.

In vain did I plead, 'twas her powerful charms,
 Her exquisite beauty—I could not resist,
 Overpowered by my love I pressed her in my arms.
 But don't call your sister my dear I'll desist.

If you wish us alone you must learn to behave, [quiet,
 More respectful, less rough, much more gentle and
 Such conduct repeated will cause me to leave, [write,
 This room Sir—be pleased to sit down yonder and

But dearest said I upon what shall I write,
 I would much prefer sitting close by you and chat,
 "Sit yonder you pest and behave yourself quiet,
 There's pen ink and paper go write upon that,"

'Twas useless to argue—the fiat was passed, .
 I found that my tyrant must now be obeyed,
 So I sat myself down to my penitent task,
 And shall favour you all with the rhyme that I made.

—o—

ON PAPER, PEN AND INK.

Hail spotless paper! grateful should we be,
 'Mongst countless favours for the precious art,
 Emblem of purity that formed thee,
 A means our distant wishes to impart.

Oh ' is it not a boon vouchsafed to man,
 His prayer, his love, his very thoughts to lend,
 Across the billows of the stormy main,
 To his sincere and sympathising friend.

Much do the rising generation owe to thee,
 Thy aid is called for knowledge to diffuse,
 On every subject—unto thee we flee—
 That heaven suggests for comfort and for use.

Trade, commerce, navigation, science, art.

The march of intellect deprived of thee would stand.
Thy help a stimulus to all imparts,
Industry triumphs, darkness flees the land.

Hail! honoured paper on thy sacred page,
We read the dictates of our gracious God,
Vouchsafed to fallen man from age to age,
To teach and guide him on his heaven bound road.

Lord speed the message that is thus conveyed.
From British Isles to every foreign shore,
"Thy Kingdom Come." May sinners be dismayed.
And Paganism never practised more.

Much might be said of paper and its use,
Much more than I can say, but shall I then,
While in its communication so diffuse,
Omit my gratitude for Ink and Pen,

Oh! precious fluid grateful may we feel,
Without thee, paper would avail us naught.
And thou old rusty, pen composed of steel,
Materially contributes to its worth.

The greatest mercies often are abused,
And none are more so, than those named above.
Had I my wil' they never should be used,
But in the cause of mercy, truth and love.

When I finished my penance the maiden seemed pleased
And commended the stanzas which gave me much bliss
And I thought that she did not regret being teased,
So for every line I demanded a kiss.

Come pay me you vixen, I must have my pay,
 You have set me to work and my work you admire,
 I have teased you—you punished me in your own way,
 I have labored and now you must give me my hire.

Some Critic may censure and say 'tis bad taste,
 To mix these two subjects, for that I don't care,
 I write for my pleasure as matters take place,
 And I honour my God and I love you my dear.

You know that of learning I have but small store,
 My wit and my humour are only so; so,
 But you know that I love in my very heart's core,
 And I worship your image wherever I go.

And were I befriended or loved by the muse,
 I would sanction no impious or immoral thing,
 Religion and love are the themes I should chose.
 Whenever my muse condescended to sing.



THE INTERRUPTION; OR, OUR OWN BRASS PAN.

I must lay down my pen, for Lydia says to me,
 What—at that pen and ink again?—Come love, and take
 your tea.

No doubt your tea is good, my dear, but let me have my
 way.

Please bring a cup of coffee here mix in it Eau de Vie.

You call it Eau de Vie, said she, I call it Eau de Mort,

If you 'll be said by me you 'll never taste it more.

You know that many a man by it has been cut down,

It killed poor old Trigan. Pat Murphy, and Tom Brown.

Just come and try this jelly love its splendid I declare,
The very first that I have made in our Brass Pan the
year.

The first preserves made in our own Brass Pan !

My darling wife I'm now a happy man.

Our own Brass Pan ! how long for one you've sighed !

How many substitutes for it, you've tried.

Our own Brass Pan ! tin did your conserves burn,

And iron turned thereon black, I did them spurn.

Our own Brass Pan ! naught could its place supply,

'Twas quite in vain, my love, your skill to try.

Our own Brass Pan ! I trust you'll use it well,

And lend it to no person in Sorel,

For many of our neighbors here will try,

To borrow what they're duced loathe to buy ;

And careless folks are sure the pan to smash,

For years we've wanted one, but had not cash

To purchase it, for other wants were pressing,

You surely now will prize it as a blessing.

You know I lent my cart the other day,

My neighbour broke it and refused to pay,

For mending it—"he pay for it eh,"

"It was his man who borrowed it, not he,"

Then take a hint from this—you surely can.

To guide you in the care of our Brass Pan.

Now for your jelly, love, and fragrant tea,

To please you I'll dispense with Eau de Vie.



INTRODUCTION TO A VOLUME OF CANADIAN POETRY.

Entitled, "Tales Around the Stove," comprising descriptive Sketches of Foreign Lands, of Life in Camp, Garrison and Quarters; Essays, Ballads, Acrostics, Charades, &c

When war and tumult for a while did cease,
 And eyes that long had wept, again looked bright,
 And when the pleasant olive branch of peace,
 Again blessed Europe's maids and matrons sight,—
 Some lost their lovers—some their husbands mourn,
 Some grieved for sons they never shall see more.
 Yet all rejoiced to see some friend return
 Again in safety to his native shore,—
 Well may Great Britain thankful be to Heaven,
 Her soil's untarnished by a hostile foe,
 While lands less favoured were to conquest given,
 Robbed and polluted, deeply feel the blow,—
 For many years a desolating war,
 The fairest lands in Europe had o'erspread
 And swept as far as Alexanders car.
 Or Roman legions were to conquest led,
 England alone unconquered, great and free !
 Her standard raised, her conquering flag unfurled,
 Her sword she drew in aid of liberty ;
 Nor sheathed it till she gained it for the world.
 When pride and avarice with power combine,
 And hold dominion o'er the minds of men ;
 By Providence awhile allowed to reign,
 O'er nations of the earth—ah ! who can tell,
 The amount of human suffering and woe,
 What always follow in the track of war.
 That springs from seeds of discord which they sow,

While they look on in safety and afar ;
 Careless how many thousands may have died,
 How many fond relations they may sever,
 Provided their ambition's gratified,

A few short words proclaim their victims clever.
 But who can paint the widowed mother's grief—

The pain that rends a sonless parent's heart ;
 What balm can man prescribe to bring relief,

To youthful lovers, doomed on earth to part.
 I shall not sketch the blood-stained field of strife—

The shattered limbs, and warriors dying groans :
 Or yet portray the widowed soldier's wife—

Her dire distress, her helpless orphans moans :
 I shall not pain your ear with the sad tale,

Of cottages and hamlets, sacked and burned :
 Of peaceful simple peasants robbed and slain,

Their wives and daughters, humbled and then spurned.
 Mine be the task just now to sing of peace.

(An advocate of love and harmony),
 And all sad memories from my mind efface.

While other scenes I shall present to thee.

'Tis blyth to see brave men again return,
 Who journeyed far, their country to defend
 From foreign foes, who, fain would overturn

All they hold dear, and each one greet his friend.
 And when usurping Tyrants were put down.

And when our gallant troops had conquered.—Peace
 Came, and our army now found overgrown,

And useless, 'twas determined to decrease,—
 And those who fought at Neville and at Nive,

At Salamanca, Orthes and Toulouse,
 And Badajos, and who did still survive.

Were on a friendless world then turned loose.
 Yes those brave men who did our foes subdue.

All o'er the Globe in East, West, North and South,
 After the final scene at Waterloo,

To seek a peaceful home where then sent forth.—
 It happened that a number of the same ;

Their names just now 'tis needless I should tell,
 Some wounded, scarred and sickly, blind and lame.

Came to our peaceful backwoods here to dwell.
 And soon of solitude the novelty,

Had worn away—and they would congregate.
 Each even' in some low warm log shanty,

And each in turn the story would relate.

Of what befel him in youth's sunny day ;

E'er he had left his peaceful home or cot.

Or on the march—the field—the camp, the fray.

Scenes that by them will never be forgot.—

And soon a village in the desert grew,

And soon that village grew into a town ;

Where shops and marts and taverns meet your view,

And social meetings to a club have grown :

At which some of these veterans still meet,

But some are gone, to their Eternal Home—

The living yet, with joy each other greet,

And kindly tell their tales to all who come ;

And as they fill the pipe, and quaff their beer,

Round goes the joke, the song and merry tale,

Of their adventures—each in turn cheer,

His comrades, while they thus themselves regale.—

'Twas in November, and no matter where,

In Canada,—that Dick, Tom, Bill, and Joe.

Late of the Infantry, with George and Vere.

Met in their club room at the "Waterloo."—
 A keen north-easter raged without,
 The snow came drifting with the storm,
 While those old veterans sat about,
 A stove that made the room quite warm.
 In such a storm as this said Joe,
 We sailed from Cove for Portugal ;
 You mind the Numa and her crew,
 The Bay of Biscay, and that squall,
 That tore our foresail gib and main,
 And took our mizen quite away ;
 Oh Bill, it was an awful gale ;
 We nearly perished on that day.
 Yes, 'tis a mercy we've escaped,
 From winds and waves and steel and shot ;
 And now in comfort can relate,
 Scenes that will never be forgot.
 You mind on Easter Sunday noon,
 When we inhaled the mountain breeze ;
 And gave hard eggs to foes who scorned,
 Our forces on the Pyrenees.—
 Yes, many a field was won and lost,
 And many a comrade was laid low ;
 And many a gallant warrior host,
 Has been cut down at Waterloo.—
 Peace to the ashes of all these ;
 Pass round the beer, and tell us Dick,
 Said Bill—about the Portuguese.
 I've heard Tom Gunn played you a trick—
 Yes Dick, old boy we all agree,
 That you to night shall spin a yarn ;
 About that blooming maid Marie,
 Who you and comrade Gunn did charm.

Then fill your glasses, quaff your beer,
 And drink to country, Queen and laws.
 Attention boys and you shall hear,
 A yarn worthy your applause ;
 You'll laugh (said Dick) e'er I have done,
 He cleared his throat and thus begun—

P. S.—The Rival soldiers; or, Dick Ford and Tom Gunn's Courtship with Dona Marie De Oliveiras—Life in Lisbon, will be published shortly.

—o—

PREFACE TO MY VOLUME OF ACROSTICKS AND VALENTINES.

In writing acrosticks 'twould difficult seem,
 For a clown, such as I, to say all that I mean,
 For a man without learning unburdened with wit,
 To court the sweet muse is entirely unfit.

Now the secret is this, I'm an Irishman born,
 And should die were the ladies to treat me with scorn,
 And I manage to tell them my love in such measure,
 And language to suit,—as I think may give pleasure,
 And all the dear creatures full many a time, [rhyme.
 Have confessed they were flattered and pleased with my

'Tis not easy to rhyme when one's tied to a letter,
 Before you fault mine—try yourself—do it better—
 Of my poetic talent I mean not to boast.

For without education on me it is lost,—

So critics may censure—grammarians may snarl,
 And pluck them to pieces—with them I shan't quarrel.
 That fellow, say they, to write verse is unfit.

His style is quite vulgar—deficient his wit,
 And his grammar, Oh save us !! how could the dull elf,
 Thus unwittingly make such a fool of himself?

To such malignant pedants I briefly do say,
 My rhymes are not meant for such vultures as they,
 To pick at and tear—to the ladies I write!!
 For to please the sweet souls is my fondest delight;
 As I love the dear creatures, and from my heart speak.
 And they understand me and its all that I seek.

—o—

AN ACROSTICK.

To our beloved Sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
 Virtuous and pious, good and gracious Queen,
 I fain would greet with joy your Royal Son,
 Canadians will unite, it will be seen,
 To greet the Heir apparent to your Throne.
 Oh! may they ever prize your gentle sway,
 Rebellion or French predilections never,
 Intrude to tear this colony away,
 And from the Crown of England it to sever.

—o—

AN ACROSTICK.

To His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.
 Assist your votary gentle tuneful nine,
 Loyalty and attachment to declare,
 But vain the effort,—no attempt of mine,
 Ever could state our love for England's Heir,
 Royal Prince accept the homage, love and zeal,
 That we Canadians for your Highness feel.
 Encourage Britain's sons to hold their own,
 Don't trust the honour of your next door neighbour
 We know him Royal Sir—he'd seize your crown,
 An artful, bold, unprincipled deceiver.
 Rifles of England—Nobles—Commons—all,
 Don't fail to watch and rise should duty call.

AN ACROSTICK.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary.
Louisa.

Victorious was thy race, beloved Princess.

I little know of Prussia or her laws,
Could I administer to your success,

'Twould please me—but I do not seek applause,—
Oh! I have served four Sovereigns of thy line,

Respected and beloved they were by me,
I'm old, infirm and weak, and now my time
Advances quickly towards eternity.

A family I leave, and on each heart

Devotion to their country would impress.
Ever with our lawful Sovereign to take part.

Live loyally and serve your honoured race,
Admired, beloved and beautiful young Queen,

I wish you grace from God, and love from man,
Discretion, wisdom, justice, may be seen,
Efulgent in you through a happy reign.

May you like her of old, be meet

A seat to take at Jesu's feet,
Renewed in spirit and in heart,
Your's be that blissful better part.

Lord of eternal grace and love, and truth,

On Prussia's future Queen, pour down thy grace.
Uncloaked be her reign throughout her youth.

In age preserve her—may her end be peace.
Serenely—sweetly, peaceful, be her life,
A happy mother, and beloved wife.

AN ACROSTICK.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice Maud Mary.

A bright and happy lot be thine,
Loved, admired, caressed to shine,
In your high station,—sweet Princess,
Countless blessings you possess,
Every charm and matchless grace.

May you be honoured, loved, respected,
Admired by men—by God protected,
Unclouded be your path through life,
Dear Princess as a maid, or wife.

May every happiness attend your way,
All through life's path, to realms of endless day,
Refulgent may your virtue ever shine,
Yielding you homage.—Princess you have mine.



AN ACROSTICK.

To his Royal Highness Prince Alfred Earnest Albert.

All Princes should be wise and just and brave,
Learned and humane—to deeds of mercy given,
Firm to defend the right—their land to save,
Righteous to judge, as in the sight of Heaven,
Ever mindful they by Heaven's great King above,
Deputed are to rule in fear and love.

Earnest and persevering may you be,
Righteous and just and wise your actions prove,
Not prone to vice—from evil passions free,
Ever the object of a Na'tion's love,
So long may you in princely honour live,
The plaudits of our country to receive.

All powerful and victorious may you prove,
 Liberal in politics, humane and kind,
 Blessed with the smiles of fortune and of love ;
 Ever contented, happy in your mind.
 Religious champion also may you be,
 To guard the Church our sires have died to free.

—o—

AN ACROSTICK.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Helena Augusta Victoria.

Heaven's favoured daughter, hear the fervent prayer,
 England's third Princess—I put up for thee ;
 Loyalty constrains me, England's Heir
 Even now vouchsafes to come this land to see,
 Not learned, or accustomed to address
 A royal maid—excuse my homely phrase.

Attachment to our good and Gracious Queen,
 Unfading love for England and her laws,
 Guides my illiterate unpractised pen,
 Unworthy of so great and good a cause ;
 Still I would greet with joy, your Royal brother,
 Tell him how much I love your Gracious mother,
 And pray Princess —you may be such another.

Virtue and loveliness e'er form and mind,
 I trust, royal maid in you are both combined,
 Could my good wishes gain you all the grace,
 That e'er adorned the female mind and face,
 Or make you the most beautiful Princess ;
 Rely on it your Highness should possess,
 Inimitable grace and loveliness,
 A life of peace—eternal blessedness.

AN ACROSTICK.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise Caroline Alberta

Loyalty to our Sovereign and her race,
On this occasion calls me to express,
Unlettered though I be—the love and zeal
I ever for Her Majesty shall feel.
Surely Princess your grace will not condemn.
Each humble effort of my untaught pen.

Celestial joy and everlasting bliss,
All, all, be thine respected young Princess,
Rich in possession of the love divine
On you may Heaven's choice favours ever shine.
Loved, honoured and respected may you be
In time—and then to all eternity—
No care or sorrow e'er shall mar your joy,
Eternal praises shall your tongue employ.

All I have asked above, to you be given,
Loved by mankind, and favoured by kind Heaven :
Blissful may be your progress all your days.
Enjoying health, prosperity and grace.
Religious consolations in your mind,
True friends—God's grace and mercy may you find.
And love, and joy, and peace with them combined.

—o—

AN ACROSTICK.

To His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert.

All health, and happiness, and fame,
Respected Prince, attend your name :
Time is precious—learn now,
How 'twill serve you—you don't know,
Unless you learn while you're young,
Repentance is sure to come e'er long.

Wisdom's ways are ways of peace,
 Indolence to sin's a kin,
 Learn now—'twill gain you grace,
 Love and favour you shall win.
 In future, education is a defence,
 Adorns a valiant, wise and graceful Prince,
 Most surely 'twill increase your consequence.

Prince be careful, learn now ;
 All your power to study give.
 Time the benefit will shew,
 Respect and homage you'll receive.
 Influence—independence—learning brings,
 Coveted by all princes and all kings,
 Keep close to study and possess these things.

Adieu, commend me to your royal Mother
 Love for my Queen, attachment to your Brother,
 Bestirs me these Acrosticks to indite,
 Ever fearful of offending while I write ;
 Respected Prince may you a blessing prove,
 To your royal parents and reward their love.

—o—

AN ACROSTICK.

To His Royal Highness Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert.

Let's now converse, Royal boy on something new,
 Even new as sights that often meet your view,
 Or if you'd fancy something odd and old,
 Please tell me, Prince, now I have made so bold.

Oh ! it would please me so to hear that you
 Loved God, your Saviour, and your parents too ;
 Did all they asked and wished that you should do.

Grieved all the folks in Canada would be
 Ever to hear an ill account of thee.
 On great St. Lawrence and Lake Huron's shore,
 Richelieu and Ottawa, and many more
 Great Plains and Towns, where all the people seem
 Even now, disposed to love our Gracious Queen.
 Did you e'er think that you would find it nice
 Unchecked to drive a chariot on the ice?
 Now, when it's winter, all our rivers here.
 Congealed are with ice so bright and clear.
 And on it horses run so swift that they
 Never mind a drive of fifty miles per day.
 And all the country—far as you could go
 Lies covered o'er with five feet depth of snow;
 Besides in Canada, seven months each year.
 Even not a trace of verdure does appear;
 Returning Summer quickly comes, and lo!
 The ice goes off, and sunshine melts the snow.

AN ACROSTICK.

To the In'ant Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.
 Beloved, youngest darling of your mother's,
 Each of your royal sisters and your brothers.
 Awhile engaged my pen, and so you see
 'Twould be unkind were I to pass by thee.
 Reflection tells me that I cannot find
 It easy, like Watts, to reach the infant mind,
 Caught as I am—chained to a certain letter,
 Each vain attempt more clearly shews my fetter.
 May you, sweet infant, grow in grace and love.
 Alike beloved by man, and God above;
 Replenished with the fullness of that Grace.
 Your Saviour died to purchase for our race.

Virtuous and gentle, amiable and kind,
 Indued with innocence, of pious mind.
 Cold to the world's allurements, dead to sin,
 True to the God of Grace and pure within.
 Oh, may you thus from every danger free,
 Redeemed and ever kept in safety be ;
 In peace and harmony pass all your days,
 Always disposed to pray and to offer praise.
 Filled with the Holy Spirit sent from Heaven.
 Enjoying a full sense of sins forgiven,
 Oh ! come to Jesus, he is ever nigh,
 Desires to save us lest poor sinners die.
 On Him our sins were laid—He redeems them all,
 Restores and saves from ruin of the Fall,
 Each worthless sinner who on Him shall call.



A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Great and eternal Lord, thou King of kings,
 Under the shade of Thy Almighty wings,
 May our good Queen and all her progeny
 Ever protected and defended be.
 And as in years they grow, progress in grace,
 In ways of pleasantness and paths of peace ;
 Until Thou call them hence to crowns of love,
 To praise Thy name in brighter worlds above.
 And may Great Britain's glory still increase,
 May she so dread in war be loved in peace,
 Where'er her thund'ring cannon used to roar,
 Manned by her daring sons on every shore,
 May Gospel peace and social commerce reign,
 Those ties that bind the hearts of man to man,

May all her numerous colonies be seen,
 To love, obey and serve our Gracious Queen.
 Prize and esteem her mild and gentle sway.
 And drive rebels, foes and malcontents away.
 Make all her soldiers and her sailors brave.
 For Thou alone Almighty art to save.

—o—

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

'Twas said to me to-day in conversation,
 You have not rhymed about the celebration,
 The very thing that interests the nation,
 The great Victoria Bridge Inauguration !

I'm not a blacksmith, mason, engineer,
 And can't say much about the Bridge, I fear ;

'Tis evident the tube is made of iron—
 If I were Gray, or Scott, or Moore, or Byron.
 I'd quickly tell the world the use 't will be
 To folks at present and posterity.

Moore took five years to write his Lalla Rook,
 Can't say how long Scott took to write a book.

Gray took eight years to write his Elegy ;
 They each wrote master-pieces in their way,
 But steam was not in fashion—now you see

Just half an hour must suffice for me ;
 'Tis known to all—I must cart home my hay,
 And have not time just now to write or play.

The verriest clown, a cabman's horse or ass,
 Can see 'tis made that Railroad Cars may pass,
 And when they travel East, they start away,
 Where'er there's tracks until they reach the sea.

If you make tracks North, or North-East they'll go,
 Until the whistles scare the Esquimaux ;
 Through the vast regions as yet unexplored,
 That homes to teeming millions will afford.
 Who 'l glut the trading world in future times,
 With th' immense produce of Canadian mines ;
 And plains, and floods, and forests, and will bring,
 Rich presents to our Queen or future King.

And when the track shall reach eternal snows,
 We'll send our compatriots the Es-Ki-mo Beaux,
 Kid gloves and gold top canes and opera glasses ;
 And to their squa's those charming greasy lasses,
 Who eat raw fox flesh, bears and oily seals !
 Crinolines, small hats and feathers and lace veils,
 Feathers to ladies where no bird can live,
 Will be a present worthy to receive.

And only think—the merchandise we'll bring,
 To London to our Queen and future King.
 On moose deer, bear ham and salmon they shall dine,
 With ice from the North Pole to cool their wine.

I'd speak of sending parsons—education,—
 A boon to beings in such dreary station ;
 Facilities to capture bears and seals,
 Foxes and deer,—and boats, and spears for whales,
 Mechanic arts,—their simple wants supply ;
 And not o'ercharge them for the things they buy.
 But 'tis notorious, since the British nation,
 Bore rule o'er this great part of God's Creation ;
 T'is sad and painful since our sires ambition,
 Deprived red warriors of their fair possession,
 We've not done much to better their condition.

If yonder timid, mild, retiring squaw,

The inward feelings of my bosom saw ;
 The choicest fruits that's in my cart I'd give
 To creatures we deprive of means to live !
 My gifts are oft rejected with mistrust—
 She growls and eyes me with profound disgust,
 My feelings or my motives they don't know,
 May God take pity on them—let them go !
 Such are my thoughts at market, when I sell
 My produce to the good folks of Sorel.

I have not time to track the Western plains,
 Or burrow through the Rocky Mountains veins—
 That cars from Halifax and Montreal
 In Oregon may daily make a call ;
 With British goods and passengers each day,
 For South Australia, China and Bombay,
 Through British territory all the way,
 You know we *must keep masters of the sea.*

Without a map—plan or specification,
 Or ought to give me the least information
 About the Bridge—or our Canadian nation,
 Beyond what I have gleaned from observation ;
 Or reading a stray paper when I have time,
 I must conclude this hurried rambling rhyme,—
 But when I get particulars, I may
 Resume the subject at some future day.

I have only seen the structure up and down,
 From Steamboats as I came or left the town—
 'Twas a hard task, and a difficult 'tis plain,
 To build those massive pillars in the stream
 Where the deep waters with impetuous power,
 Run, I suppose, nine or ten miles an hour—
 Requiring knowledge—calculation nice

To tell the strength that would resist the ice,
The size, dimension, temper of the bars
Required to bear the weight of Railroad Cars.

Each one who sees this work of art, must own
The man who planned and laid th' foundation stone,
Of these strong pillars, and who raised them high,
Is worthy to be lauded to the sky.



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